H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter,
TO ALL PARTS of the WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, Cross St., and 2, VICTORIA ST. (late of the Arcade

CHARLESWORTH'S DAY HOTEL and RESTAURANT, 35, CANNON STREET.
One minute's walk from the Exchange. Increased accommodation. The most complete and best appointed Restaurant in Manchester.
New Dining, Smoking, and Chess Rooms. Parcel Office, Lavatories, &c.

MOTHERS, OBSERVE!—ALL WOOL TROUSERS (Principle), WARRANTED ALL WOOL, AND THOROUGHLY DURABLE, 3s. DEANSGATE, Corner of St. Mary's Gate, and 61, OLDHAM STREET, Manchester. (Half-way up).

Vol. III.—No. 109. MANCHESTER, Saturday, SEPTEMBER 10th. Price One Penny.

TEA.
THIS YEAR'S GROWTH,
VIA SUEZ CANAL,
AT
J. F. MART'S
Establishments,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, SALFORD
110, Borough Buildings, London Road;
AND
62, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.
Congou .....2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, rich Pekoe-flavour, 3s. & 3s. 4d.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

THE QUEEN'S
BUILDING AND INVESTMENT
SOCIETY.
Head Offices: 95, Bridge-st., Manchester.
Annual Income nearly £400,000. Amounts received at five per cent interest.
Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.
Advances promptly made upon Freehold and Leasehold securities.
Reports, Prospectuses, &c., upon application at the Offices.

MEREDITH'S
Cheap Hosiery, Shirt, and Collar
ESTABLISHMENT,
147 & 149, Great Jackson St., Hulme.
SCARVES, TIES, AND COLLARS, VERY CHEAP,
And in Great Variety.
SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

CARPETS.
REDUCTION IN PRICES.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO., announce an Important Reduction in the Prices of the Best BRUSSELS CARPETS.
GOOD BRUSSELS, 3s. 9d. per Yard.
REAL AXMINSTERS, 6s. 6d. per Yard.
CABINET FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS.
DEANSGATE, POLICE-ST., AND ST. ANN'S-ST.

VIN ORDINAIRE,
12s. PER DOZEN.
We still continue to supply pure, sound Bordeaux at this price. The demand, which steadily increases, shows that the wine is daily more appreciated.
Of the finer wines of Bordeaux, including Chateaux Lafite, Latour, Margaux, Mouton, La Rose, La Grange, &c., we hold a very large stock in bottle, which we offer at 18s., 22s., 26s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 54s., 60s., 66s., 80s., 90s., and 96s. per Dozen.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street,
MANCHESTER.
LIVERPOOL: 11, LORD STREET.
BIRMINGHAM: 28, HIGH STREET.

CUFF'S "THOMPSTONE'S"
SODA WATER,
SELTZER WATER,
POTASS WATER,
LEMONADE, &c.
JAMES HENRY CUFF, (late S. Thompstone),
SOLE MANUFACTURER,
ATKINSON STREET, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.
Sold by most Retailers of standing everywhere.
Ask particularly for CUFF'S "THOMPSTONE'S."

EVERY NOVELTY IN GENTLEMEN'S MADE-UP SCARVES AND CRAVATS.
E. W. CHADWICK,
HOSIER, GLOVER, AND SHIRT MAKER,
262, DEANSGATE,
Corner of St. John Street.

WAR PRICES OF FRENCH SILKS.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO., Deansgate and Police-st., will OFFER TO-DAY and FOLLOWING DAYS, a Large Parcel of Rich French BLACK and COLOURED SILKS, at a Reduction of 25 per Cent.

DAWSON & CO.,
7A, NICHOLAS CROFT, & 3A, TURNER STREET,
HIGH STREET,
FENT MERCHANTS AND GENERAL WAREHOUSEMEN.
CHEAP GREYS, WHITES, STUFFS, FLANNEL, BLANKETS, FENTS, PATCHWORK, &c.
Agents Also for W. SELLERS & Co.'s
Improved Wheeler and Wilson's
SILENT SEWING MACHINES,
from £5. 15s. and upwards.
These machines have taken prizes at several Exhibitions, both home and foreign.

HYDE & SHELDRICK, TAILORS AND WOOLLEN DRAPERS, 72, OLDHAM STREET, Manchester.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE ON LIFE INSURANCE.

(From "Ab-o'-th'-Yate's Life Policy.")

"Ah," said the "better-three-quarters" of our friend the philopher of Walmsley Fowt, as she sat looking at him in the dim light of a winter gloaming, "theau'rt gettin' very mesauldy abeaut th' toppin'. Thy summertime's o'er, I think. It'll be Candlemasday, if no' deep winter, wi' thee soon."

Ab raised his head, which he appeared to have been roasting at the bars, whilst poring over, and committing to memory, a favourite song of Burns, and folding down a well-thumbed leaf of the book he was nursing, replied;—

"Theau'rt reet, owd craythur! Peggy Thuston wur sayin' nobbut yesterday ut my yead wur gettin' very mich like a thurn-hedge ov a frosty mornin'. I reckon th' sap winno' rise five-feet six-and-three-quarters neaw; so wheere it conno' raich mun wither, as if I're a tree i' th' cloof."

"An' if theau withers deawn to thy toes, heaw then?" demanded the wife, casting her eyes towards her husband's clogs, as if the process of recidivation had already set in in that quarter.

"Then I shall be ready for makkin' into *worm mayte*, an' stuff to strengthen daisy roots. That'll be abeaut it, I reckon." And Ab shook himself, as if he felt the folds of a winding-sheet creeping round his limbs.

"But theau mun recollect," said his wife, "ut I ha' no' getten past my midsummer yet; an' if theau wur to give up thy spoon, an' leeave me to frab wi' these childer, an' nobbut eight peaund o' buryin'-brass to do everything with, I met be tempted to get someb'dy to fill thy two-armed cheear, if it wur nobbut to have a mon to talk to, an' mak' th' corner look gradely."

"An' is that o theau wants me for?" demanded Ab, as if hurt by the insinuations which appeared to be levelled at him. "Am I nobbut fit for a hearthstone ornioment, or a cacklin'-machine?"

"Oh, yo!—ther four lumps o' wood i' th' loom-heause yonder ut'll never *tak' th' boggart* (be frightened) at thee as lung as theau con peearch. But if theau wauts o'er, like th' owd hen did at Kesmas, what then? Theau wants to see thy childer browt up so as nob'dy con throw a stone at 'em, doestno? An' heaw mun that be done, beaut theau leeaves us summat beside thy neeteap an' clogs?"

"Whoa *could* leeave owt, ut has to drag his livin' through a shuttle e'e? Tell me that," said Ab, quite dark as to the point his wife was driving at. "Theau knows very weel, or else theau'rt a hard larner, ut if a mon con save brass, his mesther thinks he owt to wayve for less: an' he'll mak' him do i' th' lung-run."

"I know that; an' it's so wi' other folk than wayvers. If we'rn gettin' *ten* shillin' a week, an' could save *seven* caut on't, some mesthers would think we owt to be satisfied wi' th' odd *three*; no matter heaw we pinched caursel' for it. But that is no' what I're thinkin' abeat;" and Ab's wife gave a significant glance at the sprinkling of grey which made her spouse's hair, as she afterwards observed, look as if snails had been crawling among it, or it had been badly whitewashed.

(To be continued.)

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

BELLE VUE,

FORTY ACRES IN EXTENT,

NOW OPEN, with Great Daylight View of QUEBEC, Painted by those eminent artists, Messrs. Danson and Son, of London.

Extensive Collection of Living Animals and Birds.

ELEPHANTS, LION and LIONESS, with CUBS bred in the Menagerie. Conservatories, Museum, Maze, Pleasure Boats and Steamers, &c.

Belle Vue Military Band every day from Three.

STORMING OF QUEBEC, amidst Gorgeous FIRE-WORKS, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at Dusk.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE;

After Four on Mondays and Wednesdays, 1s; Saturdays 1s. after Five.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE AND GARDENS.

BAND

Every Monday, Wednesday & Saturday.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE,
NO EXTRA CHARGE.

SHAW, ASHTON & THORP,

GENERAL

BILL POSTERS

(Members of the United Kingdom Bill Posters' Association),

3, HAMILTON PLACE,

WINDMILL STREET, LOWER MOSLEY STREET,

MANCHESTER.

Private Stations in all Thoroughfares.

MANCHESTER SWIMMING SCHOOLS,

BARRACK STREET, HULME,

NOW OPEN.—Admission 6d. and 2d.

ALEXANDRA HALL,

PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.

Sole Lessees - - - J. & W. S. BOOTH.

THIS (SATURDAY) LAST NIGHT OF

THE GREAT

MACLAGAN!

In his Laughable Sketches from

"MY BUDGET OF FUN."

GREAT SUCCESS OF MR. M. P. FOSTER,

Who will next week introduce further numerous Selections from his "ODDS AND ENDS."

MISS LIZZIE HERBERTE,

The Dashing Serio-Comic.

CARL BRENNIER, Ballad Vocalist.

Comic Ballet, by French and Troupe,

Sixteen in Number, &c., &c.

NEW ACT DROP, Painted by Mr. T. CHINN, "Caligula's Palace and Bridge, Bay of Baiæ," from an Original Painting by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Doors open at 7-30, commence at 8. Saturdays, half an hour earlier.

Admission:—Body of Hall, 1s.; Galleries, 6d.

J. Mc. CAMBRIDGE, General Manager.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL PREPARATION for destroying Cockroaches, Beetles, and Crickets, is HUGHES'S TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER. Sold by all Chemists in 3d., 6d., and 1s. packets, and at the Proprietor's, E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Victoria and Cateaton Streets, Manchester.

White and Sound Teeth.

ESTABLISHED

BY MORE THAN

Thirty Years' Experience

And Numerous Testimonials,

AS THE BEST, SAFEST,

AND MOST

Effectual Dentifrice extant.

Sold Universally by Perfumers, Chemists, &c.,

At 1/6 and 2/6 per Pot.

TO ENSURE THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE PREPARATION,

PARTICULARLY OBSERVE

The Trade Mark and Signature

OF THE PROPRIETORS.

Jewsbury & Brown

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

THE STOMACH is the great supplier of all the wants of our system. Its object is to repair the wear and tear of life. If disordered, its function ceases, which is followed by *Indigestion, Headache, Lowness of Spirits, Melancholy*, and, in some cases, *Insanity*.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS

are the best possible Medicine for all the disorders of this organ. They cleanse it, whilst, by their tonic power, they give it new vigour.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at

1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s 6d.

Wholesale Depot, 22, Broad Street, London.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.—FOUR GOLD MEDALS.—Supplied to the British, French, Prussian, Russian, Italian, Dutch, and other Governments. Dr. Lankester writes regarding Extract of Meat:—"But there is a difference in flavour, and here, as in all other kinds of food, it is the flavour that makes the quality." It is essentially on account of the fine meaty flavour, as distinguished from the burnt taste of other Extracts, that LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT defeated all Australian and other sorts at Paris, Havre, and Amsterdam, and is so universally preferred in all European markets.

One pint of fine-flavoured Beef-tea at 2½d. Most convenient and economic "stock."

CAUTION.—Require Baron Liebig's, the inventor's, signature on every jar, and ask distinctly for LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT.

WAVERLEY PEN

Ninety-nine London, besides four hundred and twenty Provincial Newspapers, have strongly recommended the WAVERLEY, OWL, and PICKWICK PENS to their readers.

Standard.—"A treasure in the hands of rapid writers."

Engineer.—"They embody an improvement of great value."

Sold everywhere, 6d. and 1s, per Box. 1s. 2d. by post.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON,

23 to 33, BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH

(Established 1770).

London Agents: MILLINGTON & HUTTON.

GIBSON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

Containing the Price of every article of Furnishing, post free. A House Completely Furnished in Three Days. The Cheapest House in Manchester to Furnish a House.

90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD, & 78, OLDHAM STREET.

GIBSON'S | 23 GUINEA DRAWING ROOM SUITES

Of Settees, Two Easy Chairs, and Six Small Chairs, upholstered in Rich Rep; Rich Oval Centre Table, Chiffonier, with plate-glass back and doors and marble slab; Work Table and 50 by 40 Chimney Glass. All for 23 Guineas.

GIBSON'S | 26 GUINEA DINING ROOM SUITES

Of Couch, Easy Chair, and Six Small Chairs, in fine Mahogany, and upholstered in Real Leather; Dining Table, with screw, two leaves extending; Noble Sideboard, 6ft. wide, with all convenience. The whole for 26 Guineas, complete.

GIBSON'S | 7 GUINEA LOBBY FURNITURE

Consists of Noble Hat Stand, with marble slab, mirror, and Two Hall Chairs to match; Well-seasoned Floor Cloth, say eight yards by 3 feet 9 inches; Two Skin Mats and Cocoa Mat. All complete for Seven Guineas.

GIBSON'S | 6 GUINEA KITCHEN FURNITURE

Consists of 6-feet Dresser, with Cupboard, Drawers, Kitchen Table, Four Chairs, and Arm Chair; Floor Cloth to fit. The whole for Six Guineas.

GIBSON'S | 3 GUINEA STAIR FURNITURE

Including twelve yards of Tapestry Brussels, Stair Rods and Eyes, and Landing Carpet, and Three Mats. Complete for Three Guineas.

GIBSON'S | 33 GUINEA BEST BED ROOM

Consists of Noble Circular Mahogany Tudor Bedstead, Marble Slab Stands, with glass affixed; Mahogany Chest of Drawers, Four Mahogany Chairs, Towel Rail, Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, say twenty yards; Spring Mattress, Wool Mattress, Feather Bolster, Two Pillows, One Pair of Blankets, Quilt, and Pair of Sheets. The whole for 33 Guineas.

GIBSON'S | 24 GUINEA SECOND BED ROOM

Consists of Handsome Half-tester Iron Bedstead, with brass foot rail; Set of Maple-painted Stands, enclosed, with glass affixed; Noble Painted Wardrobe, 6 feet 6 inches wide, with two wings, drawers, and trays complete; Four Chairs, Towel Rail, Carpet, say twelve yards, Kidderminster; Palliasse, wool; Millpuff Bed, full size; Wool Bolster, and Two Feather Pillows, One Pair of Cloth Blankets, Two White Quilts, and Pair of Sheets. All complete for 24 Guineas.

GIBSON'S | 11 GUINEA THIRD BED ROOM

Consists of Iron French Bedstead, full size, richly ornamented; Pair of French Stands, japanned, maple, or any colour; Glass, Towel Rail, Three Chairs, Carpet, say twelve yards of Kidderminster; Palliasse, Wool Bed, Bolster, and Pillows, Blankets, Sheets, and Quilt. All for 11 Guineas.

GIBSON'S | 5 GUINEA SERVANTS' BED ROOM

Iron Bedstead for two servants, Mattress, Bed, Bolster, and Pillows, Dressing Chest, Washstand, Glass, Two Chairs, three yards of Carpet, Pair of Blankets, Sheets, and Quilt. All complete for Five Guineas.

R. H. GIBSON, COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHER,

90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD, AND 78, OLDHAM STREET.

...Copyright PERFUMES, ... Bouquet, Hampson's Perennial Essence, Chemist, 63, Picca...

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

REDUCTION IN PRICES!

CARPETS.

The Choicest and Newest Designs, at

SENIOR & HOLFORD'S

(LATE M'NAUL'S),

CITY CARPET AND FLOOR-CLOTH WAREHOUSE,

66, KING ST., MANCHESTER.

EXCELLENT BRUSSELS,

From 3s. 6d. per Yard.

HARE'S (of Bristol) BEST FLOOR-CLOTHS,

From 3s. per Square Yard.

KAMPTULICON, CORIUM, and LINOLEUM

FLOOR-CLOTHS,

AT EQUALLY MODERATE PRICES.

Hotels, Clubs, and Public Institutions

Supplied on very advantageous Terms.

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

G. R. ALLISON, General Manchester Warehouse) **Families Supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices.** (54 and 54a, HIGH STREET and 13, CHURCH STREET

Agent for this splendid Cigar. Samples, 4½d. and 6d. each.

IN SEARCH OF A CREED.

5.—THE ATHEISTS.

DEAR SPHINX,—The colourless and shifty compromise called Unitarianism was too half-hearted for me. My doubts were only quickened by a creed which makes doubting respectable. But with France in the hysteria of despair, and Germany in the glamour of success, I have found it impossible to compare creeds that are not political, or to gauge faiths that are not faiths in the best breech-loaders. The wars of Joshua and David have failed to point their usual moral of a serene trust in Providence. They only carried my thoughts from the vineyards of Palestine to the vineyards of Champagne, and from the miraculous achievements of Jonathan's prowess, or Gideon's faith, to the more miraculous and equally rapid success of German needle-guns and Prussian drill. There has been the sound of guns and the smoke of gunpowder in the prayers of those sects which leave liturgy and litany to the momentary discretion or inspiration of stipendiary consolers, and I question whether there is a single pulpit in the country which has not violated the principles of honest neutrality by calling on the Almighty to interfere in the thrilling history which they profess Him, and Him alone, to be guiding. I have tried to listen to the analysis of texts, only to fall away into a mental analysis of the latest telegrams; and all that the New Jerusalem could suggest was an anxious wonder whether Paris, France's New Jerusalem, would resist the stern brigades of King William and the Crown Prince as stubbornly as the Old Jerusalem resisted the grim legions of Vespasian and Titus.

So far I have only examined the value of varieties of Christianity or Christian Deism; but I have been led lately out of the byways of religion altogether. I have been among a sect which not only repudiates Christ, but wipes out God, annihilates the soul, and hurls back religion as the cause of evil, of war, and of misery. This is a novel and audacious creed, which may startle weak minds, but which claims as calm and patient a hearing for its aims and its ideas as those of Deism or Christianity itself.

I had been so bewildered, so shocked by the election of God to the chief command of the German armies, that doubts had entered my mind whether after all humanity may not have made a sublime spiritual mistake. When telegram after telegram ascribes to that Protean entity, the One True God, as Prussian generalissimo, the successful superintendence of international massacre and mutilation, I own that a still small doubt suddenly prompted the novel and startling question, "Is there indeed a God?" The opportune profession of Mr. Bradlaugh to answer it took me among the Atheists one week-day evening last week. My way lay through the smugness of Greenheys and the griminess of Hulme. Out of the one, vice was just beginning its gaudy masquerade, and heightened the sombreness of the vast canton of brick shells that houses half the poverty of Manchester in the other. As I lost myself in the labyrinthine sameness of the streets, I noticed with astonishment the disproportionate number of ever-multiplying beer-houses and spirit-shops, and I wondered whether the supply is only regulated by the demand, or whether an excess of supply may not stimulate and force it. Unlimited licensing, in districts overcrowded and poisoned like these, must be an unlimited evil. The impressions excited by my walk, coupled with vague traditions of the savage blasphemy of the school of Wilkes and Paine, led me to expect in the lecture a wild and bitter protest of despair and social ostracism against all religion and culture alike; in the audience, a grotesque, clamorous crew, half Chartists, half debauchees, ready to cheer sedition or blasphemy, to burn alike the Bible and the statute-book. But a glance round the Co-operative Hall, Medlock Street, showed me an ordinary assemblage merely drawn from the upper working-classes. Every part was well filled. Everywhere there was attention and thought. In my immediate neighbourhood I could see no simper of foolish curiosity, no frown of bigoted ignorance. There was toleration for everything but interruption.

I have heard an eloquent young lady, in whose sermons there is charm and freshness and enthusiasm enough to fill the Free Trade Hall with listeners, maintain with a thorough woman's question-begging argument that there was no one who in his heart was an infidel—that is, Atheist. This may have been one of those swift intuitions which in women compensate for incapacity of reasoning. But I am bound to say that the earnestness of Mr. Bradlaugh was withering, and the enthusiasm of his supporters had all the fire of genuineness. I even took away the impression that they were more than mere infidels; that they were fanatics in Atheism and bigots in unbelief. But not all. Many seem to have come hoping for an entertainment of defiant audacity, just as they might pay to see a murderer in wax, an abortion, or a giant. There was a touch of the stage-manager's art in the dressing of the platform. The lecturer was supported by a water-bottle, and flanked by a table with two severe chairmen thrown out as wings. This ostentatious simplicity had a singular but light background of young ladies, ranged in a single row along the wall at the back, who sat solemn and quiet as any Quakeresses.

In *King Richard III.*, Shakespere has drawn a lurid picture of keen, fierce, sensitive intellectuality, burning through and triumphing over repulsiveness of aspect, deformity of person, and inferiority of position, which, however, have warped it to bitterness and malignancy, and turned it into the channel of a cruel and hungry ambition. Mr. Bradlaugh has no graces of person, no advantages of a pleasing voice or charm of manner. But the fierce force of his will, the swift, passionate rush of his oratory, burnt through and triumphed over the aspect of a low comedian, over-loudness and hardness of voice, and humorous luridity of manner. I was not there for the purpose of ridicule or curiosity. My aim was to hear arguments. So, like the most single-minded of Atheists, I surrendered myself to them. With the skill of a highly-trained gladiator, the lecturer lightly turned the thrusts that the world, matter, space, life, growth, and uniformity of design seemed naturally to deal against him. His voice rose to painful loudness, his passions swelled, his bitterness increased almost to Satanic dignity, as he scornfully reduced the very phrases of his imaginary opponents to absurdity, turned the weapons of their arguments against them, made their words suicidal, their reasoning a mockery. From this hurricane of passionate argument, would glance off side-gusts of invective against bigotry, priestly tyranny, and Christianity; stray storms of scorn against political corruption, despotic inanity, and the inequality of classes. But, however easy he found it to annihilate God, he found it more easy to annihilate man. An occasional ejaculation of dissent would bring down a tornado of rage, scorn, and satire, that swept deprecation into silence. My self-surrender was brief. Mr. Bradlaugh clothed his arguments and his system in a language of his own, so original, so profound, and so philosophic, that I gave up, when he closed a disproof

of creation by assigning as a result "discontinuity of origination." Although this was cheered, the cheer was not so enthusiastic as when he scathed some individual who ventured on a note of disagreement.

After all, sir, I do not think the question settled by Mr. Bradlaugh. At best, if all he said were undeniable, he only proved that there could be no God whom any one could conceive of. Give him your notion, your definition of a God, all-intelligent, infinite, or all-good, and he could at once, with the consummate skill of practice, put you in a dilemma and expose you to ridicule. If your God is all good, he would mockingly say, He would not have created so much evil, so much misery, so much war, so much pain. He is not all-good. There is no God. Mr. Bradlaugh is a man of extensive reading. He quoted Mill and Descartes. He advanced many original, many profound arguments; but the existence of evil was his most incisive, his most triumphant, and his most effective. Yet, how does he know that evil is not a form, not merely a negation of good? Evil may be a greater good. Again, he said, "All he knew was that he existed." Suppose Mr. Bradlaugh an idiot. Would he know that he existed? Or suppose, merely suppose, Mr. Bradlaugh to be mad. Would he know that he existed, except in a lucid interval? If I assume that life is} sleep, then he only knows in the lucid intervals of waking that he exists.

Discussion was invited, and Mr. Bradlaugh found it an arena of triumph. Sleights of argument, caustic wit, skill in retort, power of ridicule, cunning in fence, are weapons which he uses with precision and relish. One respectable but extremely foolish Methodist class-leader, began his proof of the existence of a God by the boast that his father had been the greatest drunkard and gambler in Lancashire. Called to order, he floundered on through religious common-places for ten minutes, and had to sit down and submit to the keen ridicule and incisive retort hailed down on him. An old man piped out a good deal of verbosity, interspersed, however, with some very stiff dialectic puzzles; but difficult to hear and more difficult to understand than the lecturer had been, Mr. Bradlaugh very conveniently declined to answer. But he succeeded in convincing one obstinate opponent, who insisted on asking a question, but who had not heard the lecture. As he mildly again asked leave, he was ordered by Mr. Bradlaugh to leave the room. Still he hesitated. With all the majesty of insulted logic, Mr. Bradlaugh dismounted from the platform, vowing that he would himself apply the persuasion of force. This argument triumphed. The obstinate dialectician, by the simultaneous rush of several Atheists, was effectually convinced—that he had better go home. I think he was about the only person convinced that evening.

Whatever impressions Mr. Bradlaugh's lecture made on me were shocked by the satisfaction which petty triumphs over eager stupidity and weaponless opponents caused to glow in his face and sparkle in his eye. I can never be regenerated to Atheism. Its creed is Secularism and Socialism in their least alluring aspects; its religion is politics, and its politics are revolution. Its Avatar is Bradlaugh; and an Avatar who unites the issue of cheap and nasty political pamphlets to the mission of regenerating mankind, lacks the dignity which the apostle of a new system ought to have. I cannot see the dignity of victorious truth in a sect which, when kicked by a bishop, obtrusively vaunts the kick on every possible occasion, and makes more capital out of the episcopal toe than any other sect would make out of a panegyric three hours long from the episcopal mouth.—I am, yours faithfully, PYRRHO.

HONOUR AND HONESTY.—The difference between honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

[RAMBLES IN LAKELAND.]

A DAY ON WINDERMERE.

BY A LADY.

INNOCENT spirits possess the privilege of making their own happiness, and manufacturing their own sunshine. August, though well-nigh three weeks old, was bright as in the first days of its youth, and all warmth and sparkle seemed in unison with our hearts as we hurried merrily along the suggestive streets of Manchester on our way to the terminus to take tickets to Windermere. The party was small, consisting of a gentleman and two ladies, one of whom had recently been promoted to the responsible office of commander-in-chief, whilst the other combined the somewhat heterodox duties of historian and chief of the commissariat. As for "the tier état," our commander laughingly considered him merely in the light of a corps d'armée, to be employed when necessary against landlords, boatmen, donkey boys, and such other brigands as might infest Lakeland. Mild, yet capable of occasional dash and spirit, the discipline of this useful corps was perfect, and inspired confidence. With no doubts to disquiet us, therefore, we removed the light baggage from our shoulders, took our seats, and commenced the campaign in full assurance of bringing it to a successful conclusion.

The reason why the poor lord of the creation was degraded to the ranks was briefly this: we knew him of old; an excellent pedestrian, and credulous in the matter of guide-books, on former occasions he had well-nigh walked us to death; he was one of those hopeful natures for whom experience is in vain; he was not to be trusted in the matter of distance more than those young gentlemen from Cambridge, or the muscular curates who annually record their feats of strength amongst the hills and lakes of North Lancaster, Cumberland, and Westmorland. This was to be a lady's tour, so we resolved to attempt nothing we could not do with ease and comfort. For the benefit, physical and pecuniary, of a much oppressed sex—somebody murmured "oppressing," and had his ears boxed on the spot—our historian has provided one quire of note-paper, a pen, and three or four envelopes, with which to record, and transmit to the *Sphinx*, about that number of detached and desultory sketches of what we saw and how we saw it. She will also speak of prices, eligible resting places, and cheap lodgings; and, moreover, describe boatings, rides, and rambles. These may, perhaps, serve for what Longfellow prettily calls

Footprints on the sands of time,

which in after ages some unprotected female may find; and taking heart—from the example of other errant dames—tread them, even as we trod them, to the sweet end.

So then this at last is Windermere. Not the green pellucid lake, but a pretty village scattered over the hill side and half buried amongst the trees. It is the gate by which nine-tenths of the visitors to the district enter, and passages *are* sometimes dusty. Dusty! To-day the word is a misnomer; the place seems painted white. The gay dresses of the ladies, the more sober suits of the men, look as if they had been carefully floured, whilst the leaves, hedgerows, and fields seem suffering from some wasting disease that had stole the bloom from Nature's cheek and all freshness from her side. Four or five days later we stood on a small rock-crowned hill south of Bowness after a night's rain. The chimes were ringing for service. Windermere had changed her work-day dress, and, fair and fresh, peeped at us smiling through the tree tops. We had no expectation, however, that such a change was about to take place when we strolled down the white road towards Bowness, past some comfortable hotels, past manifold lodging-houses, and innumerable announcements, in windows of all sorts and sizes, that milk, hot water, and bread and butter were at the service of sober wayfarers. The village seemed deranged on the subject of Teetotalism, but had the pubic gone energetically into the movement, we must have seen them swelling visibly before our eyes.

The pitiable war on the Continent had filled the district to suffocation; but we were old campaigners, and in no degree terrified at the prospect of being houseless. Nevertheless it gave us no little trouble before getting into quarters, which cost twenty-seven shillings per week, and left nothing to be desired. And here, once for all, it may not be out of place to say something of hotels and lodgings in Lakeland. The charges at the former are exceedingly moderate and uniform, whilst the second will invariably be found cheap and comfortable. On the score

BRITISH MUSEUM

of uniformity, too much cannot be said in its praise. All tariffs appear permanent; they do not rise with the demand, nor do wars and rumours of wars sow speculation broadcast over this lovely land. These fixed rates extend to boats, boatmen, carriages, ponies, and the like; indeed, for all the service he is likely to render, our body-guard might as well have been left in the rear.

Bowness Bay. What a host of bright images will that name recall to many a reader! On the pebbly beach lie hundreds of pretty boats, bright with scarlet cushions. There is no strife amongst the proprietors of those gay barks as to who shall secure the little party that viewed them admiringly from the road. We soon concluded our arrangements, and for 5s. a day became possessed of a boat that for comfort, speed, and appearance would have done no discredit to Searle at Westminster Bridge, or Logan at Cambridge. Beautiful Windermere never looked more lovely than when we pushed off from the shore. The water shone green as an emerald, reflecting the sails and cordage of many a ten-ton yacht, islands, and low rocky headlands, whilst broad masses of shadow fell dark and cool from the wooded heights that lie to the westward. On the previous evening it had been decided to do the Lake in our own time, and in our own way; to eschew professional pullers, noisy steamers, dusty coaches and the like, and loiter in lovely bays; land wherever inclination prompted; and rest, sing, or work, much after the example set us by the butterfly and the bee.

Windermere is said to belong to Westmorland—at least its islands are claimed by that county, although the whole of its western, and no inconsiderable part of its eastern, shores are in Lancashire. When this tyrannical usurpation took place it is hard to say. Had it not been for recent events, we should have been disposed to place it in the dark ages; but as annexation and appropriation are rather rampant just now, a less early date may perhaps be assigned to this dark transaction. The lake is said to have been full of fish some thirty or forty years ago, but *tempora mutantur*, and trout, pike, and char have changed with them. Perch, however, are still numerous, in spite of those huge piles of rods that stand by the boats ready to arm all comers. As we move slowly out of the little bay, they look like bundles of lances belonging to some cavalry outpost, or sheaves of Brogdignag corn in a favourable season.

How cool sounds the ripple beneath the bows of the boat as we glide towards Belle Isle, the largest of all the little worlds of Windermere, where nature has done all she could to make, and man to mar, its loveliness. Here are noble trees, green savannahs, winding walks, secluded bays, and a thousand voices raised by the lapping wavelets to chant its charms; but why any man should have erected a mansion there after the design of a black bottle manufactory it is hard to say. Bump-bump, rank and file, have clearly no business to discuss architectural questions, and, as a consequence, we are hard and fast on this shallow point; but no one need fear shipwreck in this green Mediterranean, though such things have been. The nautical element seems to have grown feminine here. Pretty girls walk down to the boats, select a gig, and pull away, goodness knows where, with the utmost *sang froid*; nor do they scull amiss. More than a dozen skiffs, each—shall we say manned—by a fair crew have passed us, all mirth and laughter, holding to mid-water with a noble disdain of fast cutters and faster steamers. What a lovely bay is this to the west, with its pretty inn on a low-wooded headland stretching far into the lake, and its lofty background a screen of waving green from the water to the sky. A more charming place in which to rest and dream for a day or two it would be hard to conceive. Hotels in Lakeland are not the robber-holds we elsewhere recollect them; whilst the uniformity of tariff enables the wayfarer to sit down and count the cost to a certainty. No vigilant host is for ever watching that the correct tale of meals is consumed, for you may eat when you like, or refuse to eat. The ladies' coffee room is always a comfortable apartment, and if we add that 1s. 9d. or 2s. suffices for a noble breakfast, and that 2s. 6d. or 3s. clears all scores for dinner, we think no one need fear to take his ease at his inn.

Steadily southward goes the boat by many a pebbly strand and many a rushy bay, where coot and rail make their homes; yet pass as far as we will we do not outstrip the beautiful trees that, spite of the sun, send lines of grateful shadow over the water. What a delicious little cot is that yonder on the western shore, rather more than a mile perhaps from Ferryside Inn. There can be no road to it beyond a path through the wood. Shall we land and see? Well, there is nothing like enterprise, for we have more than half determined to engage boat and cottage for a week (£1. 5s., both included), and never was a spot so silent, calm, and sweet; as for the birds, we should have a band and chorus into the bargain. On we sped past wooded promontories, where the great rocks, fathoms below the clear surface, seem so close that we hold our breath lest the boat strike. Gradually the shores become more low but not less varied and peaceful, less green and lovely; and so our boatman, no wit weary, stoutly declares he will beech the boat here at the south end of the lake, and see whether they understand Bass at Waterfoot Inn. There are some cases in which opposition is calculated to produce a savage and mutinous spirit, so we merely noticed the wind was fresh and fair for running to Ambleside, adding, by way of bribe and solace, that lunch should be all ready by the time we returned.

If we pulled slowly down the lake, revelling in the green beauty of its bays, its glittering water, bright villas, and ever-varying hills, we flew swiftly back over the crisping wavelets under all the sail we could carry. Blakeholm, Silverholm, Berkshire Island, and many another lie behind. We are now abreast of Ferry Nab, where, as a charming writer observes, in spirit, though not in letter, Christopher North has often and often forgotten to call the ferryman, being so wrapt with the beauty of the place. Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge have been here again and again. These masters of song—these great and good men are all dead, and this sunshine on leaf and wave shall gladden them no more. Who shall doubt they see brighter visions in the far-off spirit land?

But Ferry Nab has passed away like a dissolving view, for with a light track of bursting bubbles at our stern, we have threaded the sound to the west of Belle Isle, and hold a gallant course for Ambleside. What a pity it is that in this age we cannot always sail with wind and tide in our favour, instead of being knocked about by adverse gales. After all, perhaps, it is for the best, for many a bark has gone down in a sunny hour under careless pilotage, when, had wind and wave been high, she might have made the haven.

And now the mountain groups that guard the sacred head of Windermere come full into view. To the east lie the fells above and around Troutbeck; to the north the Langdale pikes, Conniston Old Man, Wetherlam, and a host of others of every shade and shape of beauty. *There* is Lowwood Inn, and here the charming hotel at Waterhead, close to which we shorten sail and haul our boat on the beach. From the Dove's Nest, Windermere winds southwards like some American river, though still possessing many a charm peculiar to our fatherland.

A twice-told tale grows wearisome. With evening the breeze died away, and we glided slowly home over the unruffled surface of the lake, just in time to see the poet Close shutting up his stall by the corner of the churchyard, and to wish good night to that ill used bard.

THE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

WE said of last year's Exhibition that it was an average one, and no more; that it contained one picture of the greatest value, a few of high merit, and that the rest were such as we have seen year after year, and are likely to continue to see. This time, however, the Exhibition is decidedly below the average; it does not contain one picture at all equal to Mr. Madox Brown's Elijah; few of the works are particularly praiseworthy, while the majority are absolutely bad, or at best indifferent good. If, as we are told, over two hundred pictures had been rejected, and it is to be supposed are inferior to those hung, it is hard to imagine what they must be like, and what will be their fate.

We are glad this year to be unable to find any particular fault as to the hanging. There do not seem to be any pictures placed out of sight that deserved better positions, nor do any appear to be injured by juxtaposition with antagonistic works. Of course there is a certain amount of growling to be heard, which is inevitable. There seems to have arisen at the last moment a necessity to limit the numbers of pictures hung by any one exhibitor to two, which, as no notice to that effect was contained in the usual circulars, of course made it hard upon those who have been in the habit of sending four or five works and having them placed; but even this new arrangement has not been carried out in

several instances, notably in the case of a foreign artist, named Vertunni, and in that of one of the hangers, Mr. W. J. Muckley. Some unfortunate blunder, likely to cause anger and discontent amongst artists, seems inevitable to our Exhibition; but we must mention one improvement that has been made this year—the labels on the water-colour drawings are as they should be, small, and plain gold, not blue, green, or yellow.

Of all the pictures, Mr. Shield's Solomon Eagle is certainly the noblest in intention and conception, and is, of course, extremely well carried out; and the Catapult, by Mr. E. J. Poynter, A.R.A., is most admirable in execution, and perhaps the most interesting in the collection. A large work, Le Reveil, by A. Lecadre, is exceptionally excellent in drawing, modelling, and colour. It is not often that we see such a perfect study of the nude as this picture by M. Lecadre. Of these and others we shall speak in detail in future notices, taking the course adopted last year, and dividing the Exhibition into three classes—landscapes, figures and portraits, and landscapes and figures. One thing we may mention now, and that is, the pertinacious manner in which some artists will, from year to year, repeat the same subjects, treated in the same manner. They achieve a certain success with a subject under a certain kind of effect, and then, in exhibition after exhibition, the public have forced upon them variations (better or worse) of the same old theme *ad nauseam*. They either cannot or will not give us anything new. The consequence is that our exhibitions are wearisome in the extreme, and, except in a few cases, we leave them with the impression that Art is standing still, and that out of a multitude of artists cometh but little originality, and even as little effort towards its attainment. This year's collection at the Royal Institution has many instances of repetition of subject and treatment, and, irksome as the task is, it will be necessary to point them out in our subsequent notices.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

PROVINCIAL FIRST PERFORMANCES.

MR. MOY THOMAS, the dramatic critic of the *Daily News*, seems determined to sit upon "the provinces." Continually reminding his readers of the growing custom of presenting plays to country audiences before submitting them to London ones, he never fails to point out that the principle at work is that of experimenting on a vile body. In noticing—not very favourably—the production of *Handsome is that Handsome Does* at the Olympic Theatre, London, he is careful to remark that its recent performance in Manchester was only in the nature of a series of public dress rehearsals. Mr. Thomas, this time, overshoots his mark. If we are credibly informed, the drama is the property of our Prince's Theatre Company—the scenery too—and they are merely let out to the London theatre. So that Mr. Thomas would have been more truthful, and a good deal less conceited, if he had remarked that London was enjoying the remains of Manchester's last month's meal. But these Londoners are nothing, if not grandiose. The critic of the *Times*, too, has a little sit upon us. In condemning the wrestling scene, he says, he hears it was a great success in Manchester, and that a rat-hunt or a cock-fight might have its attractions for a certain class of audience, but that sort of thing won't do for the West End. West End audiences, however, have rapturously hailed more vulgar spectacles than wrestling. What interest the scene excited here was largely due to the dullness of the one that went before it.

THE NEW IDEA IN 'BUSSES.

The new idea of the Manchester Carriage Company does not appear to be sufficiently appreciated by the artisan public—at least, so we infer. We have no personal experience in the matter. At five o'clock in the morning, when these novel machines turn out, a peculiarity in our anatomical structure necessitates the careful preservation of a horizontal position upon our part, which obviates the possibility of our going abroad. But from the circumstance that never a review day passes, or a gala at Belle Vue, or anything extraordinary, without these curious vehicles suddenly appearing round the corner of the scene, we gather that their normal occupation is not so remunerative as to absorb the whole of their attention. It may be that they are scurrying about all night as well as day, and join a little All Saints' business with a good deal of Belle Vue; and so serve God and Mammon with a vengeance. But the cars themselves, the places they come from, the places they go to, and what they are after, are alike shrouded in mystery. We recently saw one, placarded over with Belle Vue announcements, suddenly turn round and rush off to Peel Park, to the astonishment and perturbation of its occupants. In fact, these strange conveyances may be regarded as the Uhlans of our local traffic.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

The vicissitudes of the newspaper correspondents at or near the seat of war in France, will hereafter furnish an interesting addition to the curiosities of journalism. Mr. George Augustus Sala has been arrested in Paris as a Prussian spy, and "subjected to great indignities." Mr. Sydney Hall, an artist attached to one of the picture papers, was seized at Nancy as a French spy. After a detention of some weeks, during which he was well treated by his captors, he has been released, and now accompanies the German army. Lieut.-Colonel Pemberton, one of the *Times'* correspondents, was killed by a bullet during one of the recent battles near Sedan. He was standing by the side of the Crown Prince of Saxony at the time. The adventurous correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*—a Manchester man—appears to be still shut up in Metz. If he survives the horrors of the siege he will have a fascinating tale to tell, and is sure to do it well. Our old aversion, Azamat Batuk, has gone back to the seat of war. The name of this pseudo-Turk is M. Thiebland. He is reputed to be a Russian by birth. Our other aversion, the spasmodic About, has made no sign since the proclamation of the Republic. But we fear we have not heard the last of him.

COBBETT ON BEER.

It is very difficult for an advocate to find anything to say upon an application for a license to sell beer. Beer is a wholesome beverage, and its moderate consumption does much good to the community. Nevertheless, the qualities required in him who sells it are not of a heroic character. It does not want much genius to turn a tap and count small change; it is a hard thing, therefore, to be eloquent upon behalf of beer's dispensers. An application for a license affords little scope for rhetoric. It is especially a difficulty to the advocate who is quite certain that his application will not be complied with; but surely it is better to say nothing than to say something silly. Mr. Cobbett, the leader of what may be termed the attorney bar in this town, recently took up the curious ground that beer made Germany the greatest European power; which was being very unfair to tobacco. Beer, which had done so much for Germany, might do as much for England; therefore, let the magistrates establish a small bar in Corporation Street. A somewhat inglorious conclusion—a particularly small mouse produced by a particularly large mountain. That beer, immoderately taken, has effects upon the human mind, is indisputable; and if it had not been Mr. Cobbett who employed the above argument, we should at once have set it down as one of those effects.

THE ST. LEGER.

Like many other topics which in ordinary times occupy the minds of Englishmen, the race for the St. Leger, to be run next Wednesday, is not of much interest this year. Like every other subject of conversation, it is absorbed and swallowed up by the stupendous events at issue in Europe. The fortunes of the Buonapartes, the Hohenzollerns, the Teutons, and the Gauls, are of more interest than the fate of Kingcraft or Macgregor. Of one thing, however, we may rest assured, that the Tykes will have their holiday. For the matter of that, we believe that the Yorkshiremen would go to see the "St. Leger" even if an enemy's fleet were in the Humber. The judicious suppression of the betting-houses has had the salutary result of preventing large numbers of people, who neither knew nor cared anything about a horse, from taking an indirect interest in racing, by using it as a vehicle for gambling. Hence it is possible at the present time to travel by rail or omnibus, to enter a restaurant, club-house, or tavern, to walk along Market Street, and even to invade Thomas Street, without having "tips," odds, bets, and all manner of racing slang dinned into one's ears, until you are almost inclined to believe that Dean Swift's satire is literally true, and that the

horse is an animal superior to man. Even in strictly sporting circles the race creates little interest this year, which may be accounted for by the probable smallness of the field. The competitors are few, and the race appears to lie entirely at the mercy of three horses. First, there is the Derby winner, Kingcraft. There seems no valid reason why he should not win again. Mr. Merry's friends, however, are again sanguine about Macgregor, who was beaten off in the Derby, after having been one of the hottest favourites that ever started for the Epsom race. Macgregor's friends assert that he was not himself on the Derby day, and was stiff and shin-sore from the effects of his race at Bath a few days previously,—a race which he nearly lost through a mistake of his jockey, who, to make up lost ground, had to put Macgregor at the very top of his speed for a considerable distance. The other favourite, Palmerston, which ran second to Kingcraft for the Derby, is a great raking horse, and has a number of partisans who allege that he is now a better horse by 10 lbs. than he was in June, and calculate upon his wearing out Kingcraft; but a horse who can stay the severe Derby course is usually stout enough for the easier (although longer) race at Doncaster.

THE VOLUNTEER SHED.

We do not see any more than Mr. Alderman Rumney why the council should "regret" that their municipal act gives them no power to contribute public funds to the Volunteers. It seems to us a matter for congratulation. It shuts up the question. Bit by bit, the Volunteers keep edging into government and other subsidy—a course of conduct which is out of all harmony with their constitution. If the public are to keep them, the public must have some claim upon them. Men who retain the right to lay their rifles down at any moment, must not ask to be supported by the body corporate. It is the old, old game—the old endeavour to get all the good things of the world without the bad. Unless the Volunteers support themselves, they lose the right to have that independence which they now enjoy.

IS ACTING A DECLINING ART?

The critic of a London paper, in a very able sketch of Mr. George Belmore, of the Olympic Theatre, hazards the assertion that acting is a fading, if not a lost, art. We live in an age, he says, when under-acting is considered the correct thing—at least in the profession; when our so-called actors are so much afraid of exaggeration that they have ceased to act at all. There is much force and truth in the writer's suggestion, and the question raised is worthy of a little earnest discussion, especially among actors themselves. In holding the mirror up to nature, an actor is naturally apt to catch the prevailing tone of the times in which he lives, and our times are not favourable to the outward exhibition of feeling, still less of any strong, tempestuous passions. Everything is reduced to an impassive monotony, and it is scarcely cause for wonder, therefore, that the actor, in interpreting the works of even the older dramatists, deems it necessary to bring down their turbulent creations to the dead-level of modern society. But although this may account for the decline of acting as an art, it does not justify it. The truth seems to be that, to have fine and powerful acting, we must also have what modern society would call exaggeration. It is not exaggeration in reality: it is only what would be considered so in a drawing-room of the period. Meanwhile, actors like Mr. Phelps, actresses like Miss Rose Leclercq, who follow the old traditions, are rapidly declining in number, and now-a-days, to quote the critic to whom we have referred, "young men are not brought up to act. They are taught to look well and dress well; to walk naturally, to move easily, to talk pleasantly. They are somehow persuaded that to move, talk, and walk on the stage as they would move, walk, and talk in a drawing-room is an actor's sole lesson—the be-all and the end-all of his profession. What a mistake! These frock-coat and well-fitting trouser plays—these Laura Matilda comedies—these hashed-up versions of Dickens's caricatures—are absolutely destroying the art of acting." Add to this the substitution of sensational incidents—mimic storms, fearful leaps, thunderbolts, and other Boucicaultian inventions—for the legitimate display of human passions and feelings, and we can easily comprehend the reason why the modern drama has lost the power to make mad the guilty and appal the strong," and why acting is losing its influence and potency as one of the noblest of the arts.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

MANCHESTER has long been familiar with revivals of Shakespere's plays, produced in styles of more or less completeness as regards acting, scenery, and other stage accessories. Within the present generation of playgoers, we doubt if there has been any attempt equal to the present, to produce a tragedy in a style of such magnificence, so far as the mounting is concerned. That Mr. Calvert's ambitious and meritorious effort, or, as he calls it in his address, his "chief work," may meet with a pecuniary success we sincerely hope. As a gorgeous pageant and spectacle alone, we cannot doubt but that it will draw large audiences for some time. Of its success as an acting play we are not so confident.

Richard III., from the text of Shakespere, has always been found a heavy and rather tedious production for representation on the stage, and managers have almost invariably gone back to Colley Cibber's version, or something approaching it, which, although a thing of shreds and patches, made up from the third part of *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.*, plus a few Cibberisms and clap-trap points, acts with closeness and rapidity of action, and is full of stirring scenes, which at least keep alive the interest and sympathies of the audience. The part of the usurping, bloodthirsty, crooked-backed tyrant, as represented by the poet, if not historically accurate, has always been a favourite one with many actors, particularly those of a fiery and a turbulent temperament. It was one of the elder Kean's best parts, and one of the first in which his son established himself as an actor of repute. It was produced for the latter in a style of great splendour at Drury Lane Theatre, under Mr. Alfred Bunn's management, and had a successful run. Traditions have been handed down to us in Manchester of George Frederick Cooke's fame in the part. A quarter of a century since it was revived in a very complete style at our Theatre Royal for the *début* of Gustavus Brooke, who played Richard with great energy and unction. The numerous traditional points made by these actors are familiar to playgoers. Who does not remember the famous soliloquies of Gloster; his wooing of the Lady Anne with success, after having murdered her husband—

> Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
> Was ever woman in this humour won?

the fiendish glee with which he shouts "So much for Buckingham!" the waking up from his dreadful dream and frenzied appeal for mercy, and the ferocious combat at the end, so dear to gods and men? All these and other points are matters of theatrical history and faith. Of late years, *Richard III.* has not been played often in Manchester, and seems to have been kept as a sort of standing dish, like *The Stranger*, for Saturday nights, for the allurement of the gods and groundlings. One singular feature of the Brooke revival was the appearance of the conjurer, the Great Wizard of the North, one of the lessees, as Richmond, which he succeeded in making wonderfully funny. Dressed in a complete panoply of mail, and handling his baton exactly as he did his necromancing rod, "thus far into the bowels of the land" did he "march on without impediment," to the infinite amusement of the audience, who would scarcely have been surprised to see him take off his helmet, and there and then produce from its interior a plum-pudding ready cooked and smoking.

The present revival differs from most of its predecessors in the lavishness of its embellishments, and the amount of archæological research bestowed upon it. Neither expenditure nor labour has been spared; on the contrary, both have been prodigally spent upon its production. The spectator almost suffers from an embarrassment of riches; and the elaborate setting or building up of some of the scenes requires the introduction of sundry other scenes in the front grooves and the dropping of temporary curtains, which bewilder the audience and interfere with the bustle and action of the play. Mr. Calvert's strong realistic—we had almost said ritualistic—tendencies, are as conspicuous in this as they have been in other revivals, notably in *The Winter's Tale*, when he introduced an absurd dance of satyrs and a large brown bear in pursuit of Antigonus, both of which episodes would have been better left to the imagination. In *Richard*, however, we have some effects produced which are improvements, and sufficiently startling. What the playbill calls "the Army of Auxiliaries" is well drilled and grouped, if not an exact mimic representation of actual warfare. No stage combats can be completely successful, and even the savage bouts which occur between Macbeth and Macduff,

and Richard and Richmond, where they hack and hew at each other in truly desperate fashion, have something improbable if not ludicrous about them. The auxiliary army, however, is a respectable corps even in these days of colossal hosts, and a vast improvement on the half-dozen knock-kneed "supers" whom we have been in the habit of seeing represent the armies of Richard and his antagonist. Even the veritable "White Surrey," saddled for the field, appears in the flesh, and Mr. Calvert duly mounts the historic charger which carried the last of the Plantagenets to disaster and defeat. The dances introduced are an innovation which we should gladly see dispensed with. A short scene in the Tower representing the bodies of the newly-murdered princes, the limelight playing on their livid faces, was to us most offensive, although we are bound to admit that it was most vigorously applauded by the gallery. The set scenes are truly superb, and excel anything of the kind we have ever seen in Manchester. In fact, they literally eclipse and overshadow the acting, which is throughout tame and meagre in comparison. Superb acting may dispense with gorgeous or even appropriate scenery, and an intellectual treat be enjoyed, but the converse is not possible. The delays necessary between the scenes and acts, owing to the version represented, weary the audience. The scenes representing London in the fifteenth century, Old Ludgate, with distant view of Old St. Paul's, several interiors of the Palace at Westminster, and views of the Tower, are marvels of skill and stage effect. Bosworth Field also comes in for its share of admiration. In stage management Mr. Calvert has few equals in this country. The dresses, armour, and other appointments are gorgeous in the extreme. In combinations of colour the management of the Prince's Theatre is always successful.

We have reserved criticism of the acting in this representation because it is really the least important feature of the revival. Mr. Calvert has on the whole an accurate conception of the character of Richard, but he is not equally successful in his execution. It is an intelligent and level performance; in fact, too level, and somewhat tame. It is deficient in nervous energy, and is wanting in what, for a better word, we may call "devil." Drawn as the character of Gloster is by Shakespere, an intelligent and experienced actor can scarcely go wrong in attaining to an accurate conception of the part, although he may fail to portray it up to his own idea. We shall be much surprised if Mr. Calvert does not considerably improve in the part before he has done with it. We cannot agree with the opinion of some intelligent critics that there is much, if any, occasion for Richard to mask his villany, except when he is in the presence of those whom he wishes to deceive. Gloster is a human monster, of deformed person and large intellect, with a certain sense of moral rectitude which he despises. The character is only reconcilable to us by its intellectual force, unbounded self-reliance, its scornful cynicism, resolute will, and a certain vein of grim humour. These enable us to contemplate the character with the sort of calm abstraction and fearful admiration with which we regard Milton's Satan. Richard takes scant pains to conceal his villany at most times, and when he is on the stage alone, which occurs very frequently, he takes a fiendish pleasure in revelling in his schemes and crimes. Thus, at the very outset of the play, alluding to his misshapen body, he tells us that he is determined to play the villain; and again—

> I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
> And, while I live, to account the world a hell,
> Until my misshaped trunk that bears this head
> Be round impaled with a golden crown.

Exulting in his powers of mischief and unscrupulousness, he declares—

> I will free myself,
> Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
> Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
> And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
> And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
> And frame my face to all occasions.

Shakespere is careful to allude, both in this play and in *Henry VI.*, to Richard's deformity influencing his moral character. Alluding to his birth, he says—

> The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried,
> O Jesus! bless us, he is born with teeth;
> And so I was, which plainly signified
> That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
> Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
> Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

In the delivery of these passages and others of similar purport, we think Mr. Calvert was not emphatic and vicious enough. He repeated most of them solemnly, slowly, and with some pomp, as if he had been reciting the speeches of Brutus or Prospero. Singularly enough, Mr. Calvert in his own person departed from his realistic theories, and instead of making Richard a hump-backed, deformed, misshapen scoundrel, who got the better of the women by a devilishly smooth tongue and an iron will, he represented him as a burly, broad-shouldered, well-to-do looking prince, something of the build of the present King of Italy. His most successful scenes, to our thinking, were his apparently reluctant acceptance of the crown offered by Buckingham and the citizens, his proposal to Queen Elizabeth for the hand of her daughter, his suggestion to Buckingham to put the princes out of the way, and his starting from his dream and despairing cry for mercy. The temporary lassitude, also, which followed the apparition of his slain victims, was an excellent conception, and a reading which we do not recollect having met with before. The final combat was also well managed, and the bloody tyrant was at last despatched and sent to his account in less of the Richardson's booth and Knott Mill fair style of swordsmanship than usual.

The acting of the other characters does not call for much comment. Mrs. Calvert looked the part of Queen Elizabeth very well, but was, if possible, too lachrymose. Neither is her voice suited for parts which require an exposition of indignant emotion. Miss Seaman made a terrible virago of Queen Margaret, and we almost sympathized with Richard as he sat listening to her, although he appeared to take his "wigging" very coolly. Mrs. Clifford Cooper was an effective representative of the Duchess of York; but altogether the three royal widows gave us the idea of being so many domestic Tartars, rather than the ill-used persons they were. Mr. Belton, formerly a favourite at the Theatre Royal, doubled the parts of Clarence and Richmond, and we liked his performance of the first the better of the two. The description of his "fearful dream" was very well given, and also his scene with the murderers. We did not think he made the most of Richmond. Mr. H. Mellon (Lord Stanley), also formerly of the Theatre Royal, is now a veteran, but said what he had got to say clearly. It struck us that the ancestor of the Earl of Derby was a stiffer personage than the present representative of the title. Of the other characters, Mr. Archer as King Edward and Mr. F. B. Warde as Hastings pleased us most. The two murderers were very funny fellows, and one of them made such an extraordinarily good left-handed catch of a purse of gold thrown to him, that some cricketers in the pit involuntarily called out, "Well caught!"

ECCLES NEW ROAD TO THE CEMETERY.

ABOUT as uninteresting a bit of road as one can find anywhere in Manchester or Salford is that line of flagging and paving called Regent Road. Why Regent? Of course one doesn't now know, for neither the man nor his office of Regent is worthy of being commemorated, even by a long straight line of irregularly-shaped shops and houses. We rather fancy the name ceases at Cross Lane, for there things begin to look a little pleasanter. Here stands the Doyle Memorial Church, just at the corner of the street leading to the new race-course—a church established for the benefit of the human race in general, and of Doyles in particular. No memorial of *Punch's* R. D., but of the umquhile priest of St. Stephen's, near Stockport Road, who, between the two stools of the Asylums Dumb and Blind, came solidly to the ground, assisted thereto somewhat by Sir John Stuart and that ardent churchman Mr. R. N. Philips. Taking care of Dowb did not, in principle, begin in the Crimean campaign, nor will it very likely end as long as there is something to be given away and a man who wants that very thing. It was therefore quite clear that one who had become related to the Bishop of Blackburn, the model pastor of the late J. P. Manchester, must be borne in mind for the next good thing; and so when Mr. Stowell died and was canonized by the Evangelicals, Mr. Doyle was appointed to the "Stowell Memorial Church." But we always somehow come to call it by the name we have given it above.

However, talking of ecclesiastical matters won't bring us very far on the Eccles New Road; so, setting our face as steadily towards Liverpool

as the direction of the road admits of, we resume our walk. Rows of clean, newly-built houses, of moderate size, bound the left side of the road; the right side shows others larger, detached even, some of them with gardens, and trees of some years' growth. Presently we arrive at a large newish brick building, something that looks like a prison and a workhouse combined, with a dash of the fortification about it. Those clever "children coming home from school," past the Village Blacksmith's, managed to "look in at the open door," although the smithy is clearly described as being under a spreading chestnut tree! Here there was no tree, except the roof-tree, but there was an open door, and we did look in. Lodge-keeper's small room on the left, evidently inhabited; other buildings, right and left, occupation or use uncertain; long blank wall opposite, and wall at each end; lean-to roof at one end; open in front, and the large gravelled space blanker than anything—nothing on it, not even a blade of grass or a scrap of paper. Oh yes; man with bucket, decidedly unmilitary of appearance, and having no resemblance to a prison-warder, or, we were going to say, a master of a workhouse; but we fail to remember anything distinctive about a workhouse-master since the days of Oliver Twist. But it couldn't be the workhouse, for that is on the opposite side of the road. He evidently is slowly manœuvring to cut off our retreat, so we retire in face of the enemy, and gain the highroad again. This building turns out to be the Militia Barracks. A body without a soul—a husk with no kernel—a mask with nothing behind it! It used to be said that one's own interest was concerned when the next house was on fire, but we have changed all that. Although, in the nearest adjoining country, half a million of men are fighting a similar number, to clear off certain grievances of little more than sentimental importance, each side being willing enough to have a similar friendly turn with ourselves, our army exists on paper, our barracks are empty, and our Volunteers are treated to plenty of praise, and liberally supplied with Long Enfields—muzzle-loaders, which have been through the hands of two, if not three, branches of the service already. We have some artillery it seems, for, according to the *Observer*, we can bring into the field, as the whole force of the three kingdoms, 78 guns! Light field-artillery, 6 and 9-pounders—seventy-eight altogether! And for this we pay fifteen millions a-year—three-fifths of the interest of the National Debt! Surely, some plan, Prussian or other, of making every man a soldier by education, would be at least as cheap as this, and give us something to show for our money besides.

By-and-bye we have on the left glimpses of green downs and well-timbered knolls, the trees just beginning to assume their vast variety of autumnal tints, and the sheen of water between them, lit in patches by sunlight from behind a cloud—Trafford Park, evidently. The houses become fewer and fewer, but the funerals increase visibly. Slow processions pass us, or are passed by us, with carriages whose occupants gaze steadily at us, as we look carefully at them. Here and there, perhaps, a face exhibits genuine signs of lamentation. Such we leave; but the others seem actually relieved by looking at us and being looked at in return. We know what they are thinking of. They are wondering what we are thinking of, and whether we are thinking of them. But a return funeral party is a very different thing. Each driver has a companion or two, one of them smoking a cigar probably; and the inmates are as different too, congratulating themselves of having escaped interment, one imagines, and thinking they are well out of it. The carriages only are usually seen; what becomes of the other vehicle we don't know. Perhaps it has a by-road to itself, or is taken to pieces and brought back in the boot; it is evidently unbefitting to have it of the party. Such an assemblage comes down a steep, ill-paved road, on our left; and on inquiry at the corner if this road leads to the cemetery, we are told that it is the only road to it. There is a certain flatness in the road to a burial-place being made of cinders. Preliminary ashes are they—suggestive, symbolic, typical; spent, worn-out material, not capable further of giving or receiving light. Some few hundred yards of this lonesome lane brought us to the arched gateway between the lodge and the Registrar's office, through which we passed into a charitable garden. Trees, shrubs, and flowers bloomed and blossomed around, among which winding footpaths led, all as bright and daintily kept as if it formed part of the demesne of a De Trafford still.

We have always felt at home, somehow, in a burial-ground. It seems impossible, even when alone, to be solitary in the immediate neighbourhood of so many who once lived, and breathed the upper air like ourselves, in company with us, perhaps, and who are now little better than a name. Names we always had a strong curiosity to read or learn; we rather think we learned to read from names of streets, and signboards, and gravestones. If a poet is not made but born, one may, by parity of reasoning, be a man of letters without having ever learned the alphabet. When we were a little boy, for even we were young once, we walked in the lanes about Manchester with a nurse who had a strong passion for seeing funerals, and our wandering steps were often bent consequently in the direction of Rusholme Lane, and when there was no ceremony actually in performance, the next favourite employment was to spell out various names and remarkable inscriptions.

We had, on entering the cemetery, turned to the right, and began going over the names, when a smart shower drove us for shelter into one of the chapels—mortuary chapels they are often, and incorrectly, called. This chapel was in the ground allotted to the burial of Dissenters. It was a plain oblong room, well-lighted, with two rows of seats on each side, and a low pulpit or reading-desk at one end. All the three chapels were alike in internal arrangements, and were in different designs of Gothic architecture, none of which we admired. Several names that have been well known in Salford we found about here. The chapel in the middle of the ground is for burials according to the Church of England use, at least we think so. Carpenters were working there when we looked in, and we were told, in a strong Hibernian accent, that it was for the "Protestants," the one on the right for the Dissenters, and the other for the "mumble-mumble," by which we suppose he intended to indicate the Roman Catholics, for we afterwards found in that direction many handsome tombs, with a variety of crosses and Latin inscriptions upon and around them. Although we do not belong to that fold, we consider ourselves quite at liberty to admire and praise the great taste, the extremely good taste, that is shown in many of the memorials of the departed in this part of the—garden—we were about to say. For the flowers, plentiful and abundant everywhere about, never seemed more in place than here. Flowers!

What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view!
In childhood's sports, companions gay;
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! In our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.

SANCHO'S WALLET.

By Edwin Waugh.

"WELCOME, BONNY BRID."

(Old Doctor goes into his garden, to sow seeds, attended by his Starling. Returns to the house, and sits down to read, by the open window, with his gun by his side. The starling perches on the sill, slyly watching for the birds.)

STARLING.—*(Whispers to the Doctor).*—They're here!

(The Doctor fires, and kills several of them).

STARLING.—God, doctor; yo'n bin amung 'em, this time!

DRY WIPE.

(Drunken workman, sits boozing at the alehouse. Enter George Twist, an employer of labour, on an election errand).

WORKMAN.—Come, Master George; yo'n ston a gill, winnot yo? I know'd yo'r faither. There wur mony a bigger foo nor (than) yo'r faither.

MR. GEORGE.—Ay: did you know my father? Here; set him a glass of whiskey!

(The workman whips off his drink and, still praising Mr. George's father, gets two more glasses from him).

WORKMAN.—Come, Mester George; just let's have another, an' then. I know'd yo'r faither.

MR. GEORGE.—Nay; I'll stand no more. You've had quite enough.

WORKMAN.—Oh,—is that it? Well, it connot be helped. There wur mony a bigger foo nor yo'r faither,—*but not so——mony!*

UNSOPHISTICATED SINNER.

(Weaver lad to his father.)

LAD.—Faither, how mony commandments are there, say'n yo?

FATHER.—There use't to be about ten, when I wur a lad.

LAD.—Well, they may start o' makin' a fresh lot, then,—as soon as they'n a mind.

FATHER.—What for?

LAD.—Well, our Billy an' me has brokken a rook (number) on 'em into smithy-smudge; an th' lads i'th fowd are agate o' mashin' tother as fast as they con—an' nobody dar stop 'em.

FATHER.—How's that?

LAD.—Becose it's "mischief neet."

FATHER.—How mony han yo brokken?

LAD.—Well,—let's see,—Sam Buckley has run th' owd "Bang-beggar" (beadle) into a duck-poand; an' Tom Reed has temd (teemed, poured) a hauve a pound o' traycle into his aint Margit's boots; an' Judd o' Watson's has twitcher't his gronmother cat; an' Charlie Preston has squirted a lot o' blue ink into th' schoo'-maister's ear-hole through a snip i'th' quarrel (diamond-shaped window pane); an' little Jack has hanged th' sign o'th "Amen Curner" alehouse o'er th' Ranter's chapel durhole; an' Johnny Bodle has gan th' parson a black e'e, wi' a turmit lantern,—an' they wur startin' o' fresh marlocks when I coom off,—so then.

FATHER.—An' what about our Billy and thee?

LAD.—Eh, our Billy's licked 'em o'! He began wi' givin' owd Nukkin a wusk o' th' chops wi' a stockin'full o' slutch; an' then he picked a chimney sweep into a churn milk mug 'at stoode at owd Flocky shop dur; then he darted into owd Dearden orchart an' he coom out again wi' a hat full o' apples; an he ran up a culvert a heightin' (eating) 'em, wi two foomart dogs after him; an', as for me, I've just sent my fuut-bo' through th' church window,—an now I'am off a steighlin' (stealing) coals to make a brunfire on,—so I think there'll not be so mony commandments laft when we'n done.

BEATEN, BUT NOT CONQUERED.

(Two country fellows, disputing about politics).

BEN.—I'll tell thee what, Joe; thae'rt as stupid as a mule.

JOE.—Well, but; doesn't thae see,—I know —— weel that I'm wrong; but by 'th' mass, *I'll not give in till mornin'!*

HAPPY WARRIORS.

Thou'rt never quiet, but when thou'rt feightin'.—OWD THRUM TO HIS DOG.

(Two country fellows, returning from the wakes).

JERRY.—Jack; this is th' quietest "Rushbearin'" that ever I wur at i' my life.

JACK.—Why; hasn't thae had a do, yet?

JERRY.—Yigh; mony a one. But, I couldn't get 'em to start o' feightin' 'till I began o' sousin' (hitting) 'em, as they coom up. Has thae foughten yet?

JACK.—Nawe; I cannot leet of a mate.

JERRY.—Well; *get foughten, an' let's go whoam,*—it's gettin' lat!

MUSIC OR RELIGION?

IT may not be generally known that there is a place in Manchester where a decidedly idolatrous worship is conducted. A huge idol of wood, zinc, and brass is erected at one side of the temple, and to this monster, from the many mouths of which issue loud noises at intervals, the attention of the worshippers is mainly directed. Not to beat about the bush any longer, the temple is S. Peter's Church, and the idol a grand organ with four manuals.

As we approach the church for evening service, a figure appears to bar the way, whom we might take for S. Peter himself, so venerable is his appearance and so suspicious is his regard. We walk boldly forward, however, as one who has a right to enter those exclusive portals, and are soon in a pew, and the door closed upon us. The first idea is that the place is a music-hall, and that we ought to possess a sixpenny refreshment ticket,—a notion to which the galleries in front of us and the one above it contribute. If the statues of the saints were replaced by studies of Venus, Hebe, and other lightly-clothed ladies, the illusion would be perfect; but the conduct of the audience is decorous, and there is nothing to drink. We then conclude that the affair is more like one of Mr. Hallé's concerts, and that full dress would be the correct thing. The idol begins to sing gently while the congregation move in and bang the doors. When the priest begins the usual notice to "the wicked man," it is evident that divine service is intended. The service is choral, performed by a select and small choir of ladies and gentlemen. It therefore seems that the organ would be of more use in the Free Trade Hall than here. The late arrivals continue to rattle the doors and make a noise precisely as their counterparts do at a fashionable concert.

The Psalms are chanted by the aforesaid choir to the prettiest and most florid of chants. These over, instead of the usual "Here beginneth," the parson comfortably seats himself, and the congregation do the same, all eyes being turned to the organ. Then the amateur who plays it (and he is a man of great taste) begins to show off the monster by means of a middle voluntary. He seems to say, "Just listen to these diapasons; let me add this hautboy; here's a sweet thing in cremonas; now for the flute;" the people meantime looking on in speechless admiration. The clergyman is evidently a second-rate person here, and is simply tolerated to give an excuse for the proceedings.

The great feature of the evening, however, is the anthem, during the singing of which the whole congregation sit. The anthem is one of old Dr. Nares', and a lady, with sweet voice and excellent execution, warbles the solo most charmingly. The greatest self-restraint has to be exercised to prevent us from applauding; the looks of the members of the congregation as they smile at each other with satisfaction take the place of applause. The music is of the delightfully old florid style, now considered so antiquated, but still charming everywhere, and not out of place even in an anthem, which is not intended to be congregational. The prayers being finished, a hymn is given out. It must be noted that, with the exception of a few wilful spirits, none of the congregation had hitherto taken any musical part; the singers had it all to themselves. We should have been very much surprised to have heard a Gregorian tone where everything was so pretty and so elegant and subdued. What, then, was our surprise when the organ gave out the melody of a tune now seldom heard out of the conventicle—a tune known as "Irish." Our astonishment was greater when the hitherto quiet congregation joined in, not hesitatingly, but with a perfect shout. Mr. Joule would not be beaten; he pulled out his stops; the spirit of the congregation was aroused; the shouting was louder; more stops; it might have been Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. The effect was not unpleasant, the singing being very fair. Whether the congregation might not be educated to sing stricter tunes is a question we cannot discuss here; suffice it to say, this was sung with great power. At the Cathedral, in the afternoon, the congregation had sung the Old Hundredth almost as lustily.

The sermon at S. Peter's was evidently considered an impertinence, and was concluded in ten minutes. Mysterious movements with vergers and some members of the congregation had been going on during the service, and metal plates had been handed about. There was a collection made, during which the choir again sang. Then the organ spoke in louder tones, to drown the noise of retreating footsteps. Strange that so few stayed to hear the voluntary! Perhaps they had had enough of their idol for once. We felt as if we had spent a pleasant evening, but hardly as if we had attended Divine Service. Were the reforming King Hezekiah churchwarden of S. Peter's, he would break up the grand organ, and call it Nehushtan.

BUTCHERS AND POISONERS.

Mr. Edwin Whitehead, of 188, Rochdale Boad, desires us to state that he is not the person named in last week's *Sphinx* as having had a diseased cow on his premises. "The party fined," he says, "is named John Whitehead, a man that I have not the slightest connection with in any way whatever."

GOLDEN HAIR.—An amusing essay on hair, in the current number of *Fraser*, tells us how the ladies of Italy obtained their auriferous tresses when golden locks were the rage in that country. They used, it appears, to sit for hours, in the hottest days, in a small chamber on the roofs of the houses, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. A broad-brimmed straw hat, without a crown, protected the face and neck, and through the hole in the top the hair was drawn, and spread out over the hat. It was kept well moistened with some mystic preparation, and, after a patient perseverance for several hours a day for a few weeks, the golden tint was obtained.

The Jewel Sewing Machine, £5 10s. European Sewing Machine, 6½ Guineas. 128, Portland St.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.

EVERY EVENING AT SEVEN.

GRAND HISTORICAL REVIVAL

OF THE

LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD III.,

By WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

The very great success of "A Winter's Tale" last year, and the manifest approbation of the form in which it was presented, encouraged me at the time to plan out a production that should be perfect in correctness of detail and accuracy of "mise en scene," and if possible surpass in entirety anything yet seen on our stage.

I have had the privilege of communicating my aspirations to many of the chief minds at present gracing literature and art, and from all, without exception, I have received the heartiest encouragement to work my project to an issue.

Several reasons have influenced me in selecting for the purpose "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD III."

As an historical play it possesses more stirring incident than any perhaps that Shakspere has written. It "gives form and pressure" to a most eventful era of our national history—the last stern scenes of a devastating and protracted civil war, and the fall of the Plantaganets. It contains characters of wonderful force and variety for the actor, whose art it is to make the words his study and the thoughts his meditation:

"To discern
A royal ghost from churls: by art to learn
The physiogonomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth,"

and affords an almost boundless scope for the display of those cognate arts which are the essential functions of the theatre.

There has been no age wherein the pageantry and pomp of royalty have been more magnificent, or the *personnel* of all classes more picturesque and striking; and in striving to give a reflex of manners in these particulars I have studiously followed such illuminated MSS. of the mediæval period as are renowned for their descriptive faithfulness. As a result, I have succeeded, I believe, in presenting every personage in the play, not only in costume true to the character and time, but in the exact counterparts in design and colour of habiliments actually worn; and in this I am deeply indebted to Alfred Thompson, Esq., for his researches and invaluable assistance.

In the scenery, a reproduction of old London in the fifteenth century, with its "gorgeous palaces and solemn temples"—its ancient streets and tower fortress—has been mainly considered.

Some difficulties had to be overcome in ascertaining the exact armorial bearings of the characters in the play, and of those I have introduced as aiding the King and Richmond in the struggle at Bosworth. As the two last acts are entirely in time of war, heraldic accuracy was indispenable, as each leader would exhibit on his tabard his insignia, and each retainer the badge or cognisance of his lord.

For these important and characteristic embellishments I am indebted to J. R. Planché, Esq., the veteran archæologist, who has kindly placed his rare illustrations to "Richard III." at my disposal; and in an equal degree to Mr. Alfred Darbyshire, whose technical knowledge has proved a great aid.

The "entre scene" and incidental music is arranged solely from old melodies popular at the time, and chiefly English.

The armour, accoutrements, and weapons have been expressly manufactured by Granger, of Paris, from specimens in the Meyrick collection and the French arsenals.

Some modifications of the text and certain excisions have been made, which all conversant with the tragedy must admit were requisite for representation.

It will be seen that I have entirely disregarded the usual acting edition of the play by Colley Cibber, a complication intended, I presume, to make the character of Richard something more than Shakspere intended, as it unquestionably makes it something different.

It appears inconceivable that Cibber's Richard should have outlived, in popularity, its contemporaries—Dryden's "Macbeth" and "Tempest," Nahum Tate's "Lear," &c. A re-arrangement of Shakspere's scenes was justifiable, for it is more than likely that one does not touch his own work in that respect; but to re-write his dialogue and invert his plots was surely unpardonable, and could only be tolerated in an age when the public taste in such matters must have been (to say the least) eccentric.

It is not here that I should vindicate the theory which has actuated me in my endeavours to give the most elaborate completeness to this representation—I have before expressed it—and those who see will believe, I am sure, that my convictions as to the imperative need and legitimate value of every stage appurtenance remain unchanged.

Whether the public will endorse all I have felt it my duty to attempt, the result will show; but as their thankful servant I think I am entitled to ask for this, my chief work, a measure of recognition for the efforts that have been made, a thoughtful scrutiny, and an admission that nothing has been neglected that labour or outlay could secure.

CHARLES CALVERT.

A POWERFULLY AUGMENTED COMPANY.

The SCENERY (from authority by T. Grieve, Walford Grieve, and Perkins.
The PROPERTIES, PARAPHERNALIA, REGALIA, and ARMOUR, by Granger, of Paris, Garrett, and Assistants.
The MACHINERY and STAGE APPLIANCES, by Mr. John Byrnes.
The COSTUMES by Auguste et Cie. Vokes, Hasbury, &c., of London and Paris.
The ENTRE SCENE and INCIDENTAL MUSIC by Mr. Edward Williams.
The CHARACTERISTIC DANCES by Mr. R. Power.

The whole produced under the direction of Mr. CHARLES CALVERT.

ACT I.—Scene 1.—LONDON IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—T. Grieve.
Old Ludgate, with distant view of Old St. Paul's, illustrating the street architecture of the period.
Scene 2.—A REGAL GOTHIC APARTMENT IN THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.—T. Grieve.
Scene 3.—CLARENCE'S DUNGEON.—T. Grieve.
Scene 4.—THE KING'S APARTMENTS.—T. Grieve.
ACT II.—Scene 1.—THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER AND ORATORY.—Perkins.
Scene 2.—THE CLOISTERS AT WESTMINSTER.—T. Grieve.
Scene 3.—A PAVEMENT IN OLD CHEPE.—Perkins.
Scene 4.—THE GREAT COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE WHITE TOWER.—Perkins.
Scene 5.—RAYNARD'S CASTLE ON THE THAMES.—Perkins.
Scene 6.—THE TOWER FORTRESS FROM THE WEST.—Perkins.
Showing the entrance to the Byward Tower, the Central Keep, &c., as it existed in the 15th century.
ACT III.—Scene 1.—THE PALACE HALL.—T. Grieve.
The Evening of the Festival of St George.
Scene 2.—THE RAMPARTS IN VICINITY OF THE BLOODY TOWER. (Time, Night).—T. Grieve.
Scene 3.—THE PALACE HALL (Night.).—T. Grieve.
ACT IV.—Scene 1.—OLD LONDON, NEAR ST. PAUL'S.—T. Grieve.
ACT V.—Scene 1.—BOSWORTH FIELD (Time, Evening).—Perkins.
Scene 2.—RICHMOND'S TENT.—Perkins.
Scene 3.—INTERIOR OF RICHARD'S TENT.—Perkins.
THE FIELD OF BOSWORTH, with the ENCAMPED ARMY.
Scene 4.—RICHMOND'S TENT.
Scene 5.—RICHARD'S TENT.
Scene 6.—THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—Perkins.
THE VICTORY.

NOTICE.—Books of the Play as represented are on sale at the Theatre.

Prices as usual.—Box Office open daily from eleven to two.

ALL DUNKERLEY & FRANK'S UMBRELLAS Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES. Being large Producers, *Dunkerley & Franks* are enabled to offer them at astonishingly Low Prices.
7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.

Agent for this splendid Cigar. Importer of CIGARS, MEERSCHAUM PIPES, &c., is the Sole Samples, 4½d. and 6d. each.

EXTRACTED FROM THE CHOICEST ROSE LEAVES.

STRENGTHENS AND IMPARTS A GLOSS TO THE HAIR,

(Without the use of Pomades or Oil)

REMOVES SCURF AND PREVENTS BALDNESS;

Even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless. Sold in Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each, by Chemists.

WILLIAM MATHER,

14, BATH STREET, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.;
19, HANGING DITCH, MANCHESTER.
109, CHESTER ROAD, HULME, MANCHESTER.

MANUFACTORY:—TRENTHAM STREET, HULME, MANCHESTER.

WORKS IN THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT,

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN HEYWOOD, 141 AND 143, DEANSGATE,

MANCHESTER.

BUNDLE O' FENTS FROM A LANCASHIRE LOOM: Selections from the Writings of BENJAMIN BRIERLEY. Boards, 1s.

THE CHRONICLES OF WAVERLOW: TREVOR HALL, THE HUNTSMAN'S FUNERAL, THE BATTLE OF LANGLEY HEIGHTS, &c. Boards, 1s.

DAISY NOOK SKETCHES: A Day Out, &c., &c. By BENJAMIN BRIERLEY. Boards, 1s.

TRADDLEPIN FOLD, and other Tales. By BENJAMIN BRIERLEY. Boards, 1s.

THE MARLOCKS OF MERITON. By BENJAMIN BRIERLEY. Boards, 1s.

RED WINDOWS HALL: a Lancashire Story. By BENJAMIN BRIERLEY. Boards, 1s.

IRKDALE; or, the Odd House in the Hollow. By BENJAMIN BRIERLEY. Boards, 2s.

THE FRATCHINGTONS OF FRATCHINGTHORPE: a Series of Connubial Crosses, or "Fireside Traps." By BENJAMIN BRIERLEY. Sewed, 6d.

A BATCH OF JANNOCKS FROM A LANCASHIRE OVEN; Supplementary to "A Bundle o' Fents." Sewed, 6d.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE ON TIMES AND THINGS. Edited by BENJAMIN BRIERLEY. Sewed, 1s.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE IN LONDON: Southern Life from a Northern Point of View, described in a Series of Letters from Ab to his Wife. Edited by BENJAMIN BRIERLEY. Sewed, 1s.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE AT THE GREAT SHOW. Sewed, 2d.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE AT THE PANTOMIMES. By AB HISSEL'. Sewed, 2d.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE AT BELLE VUE. Sewed, 2d.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE'S LIFE POLICY. Communicated by an Eavesdropper. Sewed, 2d.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE AT KNOTT MILL FAIR. By AB HISSEL'. Sewed, 2d.

IMPORTANT TO BANKERS, SOLICITORS, MERCHANTS, STOCK & SHARE BROKERS.

INSTANTANEOUS PRINTING.

NEW LITHOGRAPHIC WRITING INK,

Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle; requires NO PREPARED PAPER.

THIS Ink is introduced to Merchants, Solicitors, Stock Brokers, Architects, and all who require **Circulars. Prices Current, Market Reports, Bills of Quantities,** or any kind of Notice expeditiously printed. Hitherto Lithographic Writing has required prepared Paper and Ink, which is difficult to manipulate, except by the experienced Lithographic Draughtsman; now, however, **the re-writing is entirely dispensed with,** for the copy written with this Ink, **on ordinary Writing Paper, in your own Office,** being sent to us, can be forthwith transferred to the Stone, and the required copies supplied as quickly as they can be printed.

It must be manifest that the use of this Ink removes considerable impediments to the quickly getting out of Prices Current, &c., as **no time is lost,** as heretofore, in writing on the prepared paper before printing.

This Ink is in use in numerous Establishments, and we have the pleasure of printing the following testimonials:—

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., Manchester. Manchester, March 23rd, 1870.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferable to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity.—Yours truly.

DROEGE & CO.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithograph Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be and we prefer it specially, as being being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression, than that in use with the transfer paper.—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. COLLIE & CO.

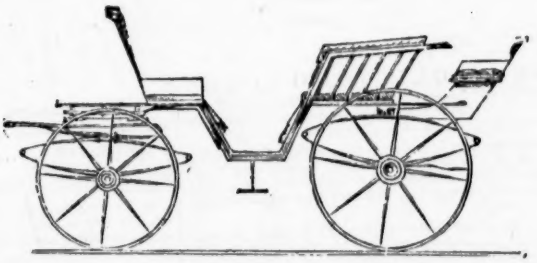
Sold in Manchester only by J. G. KERSHAW & CO.,

Lithographers and Letterpress Printers, Patent Ledger and Account Book Manufacturers,

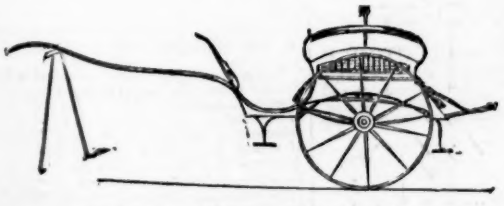
37, OXFORD STREET AND PORTLAND STREET.

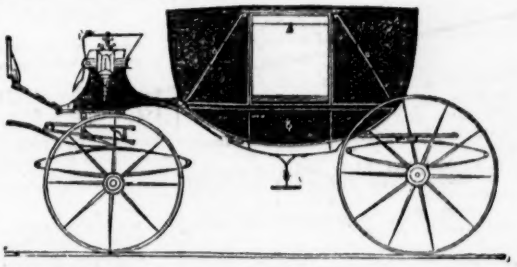
JOHN ROBERTS,

STRETFORD ROAD CARRIAGE WORKS.



J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his NEW RACKET CART or DRAG, the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only 3¼ cwt.





All Carriages are constructed of best seasoned Materials, and skilled Workmanship.

ESTIMATES AND DRAWINGS ON APPLICATION.

J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 110 YEARS. **KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES,** 70, DEANSGATE.

THE PUBLIC

MAY ALWAYS DEPEND ON GETTING

GOOD TEA at MODERATE PRICES,

AT OUR TEA ESTABLISHMENTS

AT THE CORNER OF OLDHAM-ST. AND SWAN-ST., AND AT 53, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER,

AS UNDER:—

Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
The Tea at half-a-crown is quite a favourite.
The popular Tea for heavy consumption is the one at 3s.
Those Teas at 3s. 4d. & 3s. 6d. are very fine flavoured.
Our best Black Tea at 4s. is specially selected for our trade.

WM. SATTERTHWAITE,
TEA MERCHANT.

BROWN'S COTTON GLANCE.—At the urgent solicitation of spinners and others, the Author of the above Glance has consented to publish it every Monday, provided he meets with sufficient encouragement.—Terms: Two-and-a-half guineas per annum, postage included; payable half-yearly in advance. W. L. BROWN.
27, Fitzclarence St, Liverpool, July, 1870.

WROUGHT-IRON TUBES AND FITTINGS for Gas o Steam Engine, and Plumbers' Lift and Force Pumps; Cast-iron Valves, Taps, Safety and Sluice Valves, Steam Traps, Stocks, Dies, and Taps; improved Whistles or Gongs for Works; and every description of Copper Work and Boiler Mountings. Price on application.—ISAAC STOREY and SONS, Brass and Copper Works, 24 Deansgate, and Little Peter Street, Manchester.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

For the cure of debility, biliousness, liver and stomach complaints this inappreciable medicine is so well known in every part of the world, and the cures performed by its use are so wonderful, that it now stands pre-eminent above all other remedies, more particularly for the cure of bilious and liver complaints, disorders of the stomach, dropsy, and debilitated constitutions. In these diseases the beneficial effects of the Pills are so permanent that the whole system is renovated, the organs of digestion strengthened, and a free respiration promoted. They expel from the secretive organs and the circulation the morbid matter which produces inflammation, pain, fever, debility, and physical decay—thus annihilating, by their purifying properties, the virulence of the most painful and devastating diseases.

LIFE POLICY HOLDERS protected against loss by the investment of the whole of their Net Premiums in Government Securities deposited in the Bank of England.

The full amount of the surrender value of the Policy may also be obtained on demand, each Policy being convertible into gold for the temporary use of the Policy-holder, if required. These Policies cannot lapse or be forfeited.

This perfect and equitable plan of Life Assurance was originally prepared by Dr. William Farr, F.R.S., &c., General Register Office, Somerset House, and submitted to Her Majesty's Government, who adopted the principle (with some modification) through the medium of the Post Office.

The basis of all just and safe Life Insurance transactions is a true Life Table. In calculating the Premiums, the English Life Tables published under the authority of the Registrar-General for England are employed.

Trustees of the Policy Holders' Life Funds:

Christopher Wegnelin, Esq., Director of the Bank of England, London.
Charles Oppenheim, Esq., Director of the Union Bank, London.
Augustus F. Bayford, Esq., LL.D., Court of Probate, Doctors' Commons; Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester.
William G. Goodliffe, Esq., Accountant-General, India Office, Westminster, London.

The system fully explained and a prospectus supplied on application at the Head Office or any of the Branches of the BRITISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICES:
BROWN STREET and MARSDEN STREET, MANCHESTER.

DONCASTER RACES, by the Nearest and Most Expeditious Route, from the London Road Station of the MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—On Wednesday and Friday, September 14 and 16, the ST. LEGER and CUP DAYS, a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, conveying 1st and 2nd class ordinary passengers, will leave London Road Station, Manchester, at 9-55 a.m., running direct to DONCASTER, and arriving there about 11-50 a.m.; and will return from Doncaster (station platform) at 5-35 p.m., reaching Manchester about 7-30 p.m. each day.

RETURN TICKETS to Doncaster and Back will be issued by the above special and all ordinary trains on Tuesday, 13th, Wednesday, 14th, Thursday, 15th, and Friday, 16th, September at 15s. first class, 10s. second class which will be available for return by any train from Doncaster, via Barnsley, on the day of issue or following day.

On Wednesday and Friday, September 14 and 16, the ST. LEGER and CUP DAYS, SPECIAL TRAINS will leave Manchester and the undermentioned stations at the times stated, which will return from the St. James's Bridge Sidings, Doncaster, at 6-35 p.m. each day:—

	a.m.	Fares to Doncaster and Back, 1st class, 10s. Cov. car. 5s.
Manchester ..... dep.	8 45	
Oldham (Clegg Street) ,,	8 35	
Ashton (Oldham Road ,,	8 45	
Hayfield ..... ,,	7 35	
Newmills ..... ,,	7 50	
Marple ..... ,,	8 0	
Romiley ..... ,,	8 4	
Hyde ..... ,,	8 13	
Stalybridge ..... ,,	8 50	
Ashton (Park Parade) ,,	8 54	
Guide Bridge ..... ,,	8 59	
Newton ..... ,,	9 5	
Glossop ..... ,,	8 55	
Doncaster...arrive about	11 15	

For the convenience of passengers, and to prevent crowding on the platforms, the above special trains will arrive at and depart from the St. James's Bridge Sidings, close to the Doncaster Station.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station,
Manchester, September, 1870.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY
AT
MATLOCK.

EVERY SATURDAY until OCTOBER 29th, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low Fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to MATLOCK BATH, by the Midland Company's route, by any of the Ordinary Trains on Saturday, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

STATIONS.	FARES. 1st Class. s. d.	2nd Class s. d.
MANCHESTER	9 6	7 0
GUIDE BRIDGE	9 0	6 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale Station)	8 6	6 0

In Manchester, Tickets will be issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, May 21, 1870. General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY.
AT
BUXTON.

EVERY SATURDAY until OCTOBER 29th, 1870, RETURN TICKETS at the following low Fares will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

	1st Cls. s. d.	2nd Cls. s. d.
MANCHESTER	6 0	4 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale)	5 0	3 6
STALYBRIDGE	5 0	3 6
GUIDE BRIDGE	5 0	3 6

In MANCHESTER, Tickets are issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, June 1870. General Manager.

SILVER MEDAL AWARDED.

PERAMBULATORS of the strongest make, and every modern improvement, 20 per cent lower than any house in the trade .....15s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 22s., 30s.
ILLUSTRATED BOOK of PRICES—POST FREE.
PERAMBULATORS with the PATENT CANOPY, as patronised by H.R.H. the Princess Royal, the Empress of the French, and the principal nobility of Europe.
PRIZE MEDAL CROQUET, ARCHERY, and Out-door Games.
DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST—FREE.
PRESENTS for all occasions.
WORK BOXES, DESKS, DRESSING CASES, and Bags. Albums, Inkstands, Musical and Pearl Albums, Tea Caddies, Purses, Cigar Cases, &c.

OWEN'S,
1, OLDHAM STREET,
and 80, DEANSGATE.
Established 45 Years.

FOREIGN AND BRITISH SILKS. Beautiful Shades in COLOURS and Rich Lustre in BLACK SILKS, of good value and guaranteed durability.
RICHARD BATEMAN, Britannia House, 18 and 20, OLDHAM STREET and DALE STREET.

Wedding Breakfasts,
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON, ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free.

HELL AND ITS TORMENTS, AS DESCRIBED BY EYE-WITNESSES, &c. By T. R. Price 9d. Cloth gilt 1s. 3d. A most Extraordinary Book. London: Geo. J. Stephenson. Manchester. John Heywood. And all Booksellers.

THE SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE.
Unrivalled for Family Use.
Noiseless in Movement: Easy in Management.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO.,
Deansgate, Police-st., and St. Ann's-st., Manchester.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

All communications relative to Advertisements must be addressed, and Post Office Orders made payable to, "Mr. THOMAS POWELL, 55, Thompson Street, Shakespere Street, Ardwick Manchester," who is sole contractor for the Advertising space.

Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Derby-shire Lane, Stretford, at the "Excelsior" Printing Works, Hulme Hall Road, and Published by him at 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester—Saturday, September 10, 1870.

J. C. EDWARDS, Tobacconist, &c., Manufacturer of the Piccadilly Smoking Mixture. Importer of Foreign Cigars Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes. 107, PICCADILLY.